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THE CROWDED EARTH.

The islands of the earth are these days laboratories of social experiment. They are faced with peculiar problems because they are small and they are full. For perhaps the first time in human history there is a sense of pressure from mere mass of people.

One aspect of this pressure is touching the United States on the west. Japan is an overcrowded island. It is not peculiarly fertile or productive. Its imports are constantly increasing without a corresponding increase of exports to balance the trade ledger. The only solution is to move the surplus population elsewhere. It seeks a means of expansion in every direction. California, Mexico, Hawaii, constitute some of the most convenient points for growth. The immediately surrounding territory in China, India and Asia generally is suffering in the same way as Japan. They offer no advantages to the restless Japanese. Their lands are equally covered with people, and the prolonged intensive cultivation has reduced foodstuffs to a dangerous minimum.

Therefore, the question of Japanese immigration to California is more than a matter of local prejudice or selfishness. It is in embryo the problem that the whole world must sooner or later face: to adjust a balance between productivity in people and productivity in means of life. The United States is not feeling this pressure very heavily yet, though with the gradual settling of all open lands, it daily becomes more imminent. That is one reason for the high cost of living. There are more people to keep alive, yet the area of the globe has not been increased, and the improved methods of cultivation have not kept pace with the demands of fresh births. The tumult in England is largely due to the same cause. The tight little island is really tight. It can no longer send its younger sons to other lands. They are filling, too, and protecting themselves. The strike in Belgium is a similar evidence of the economic problems faced by a small country that is not making enough food and cannot expand.

Manifestly, this is a basic question. Sooner or later it will mean cutting down the birth rate in order that those who are born may be improved in quality. If the State Departments of the nations will look this fact square in the eyes, they might make less futile attempts to adjust makeshift policies to inevitable laws.

"THE GREATEST LIVING STENOGRAPHER."

Who is the greatest living stenographer? Remington Notes answers that he is Woodrow Wilson, "a shorthand writer and skilled typist." His skill in these allied arts has not served him as a stepping-stone to success, as it has Editor Bok, George B. Cortelyou, William Loeb, Jr., Frank A. Vanderlip, Morgan A. Shuster and others who have climbed the keys to fame. "With the President, on the other hand, stenography, although never a direct means of livelihood, has always been, and still is, an ever-present help in all his tasks and duties. Few other men have had the foresight and patience to master shorthand for personal use and solely because of its time-saving advantages over longhand. In doing this the President has given a splendid example to all other men who have important work to do in the world," says the typewriter journal.

Just after Mr. Wilson was nominated for Governor of New Jersey it became known that he used shorthand. Asked about it, he replied: "I write shorthand. I have written it for forty years. I learned it when I was fifteen years old." He is a thorough master of shorthand. His outlines are declared "excellent." Shorthand has been of great value to him in his work as teacher, author and college president. He wrote his inaugural message as chief magistrate of the nation in shorthand and then typed it. The whole manuscript of his "History of the American People" he first wrote in shorthand and then transcribed on the machine. The same was true of many of his gubernatorial messages. He had his machine overhauled, so that he could take it to the White House. Miss Jessie Wilson, his daughter, has studied shorthand and knows how to use a typewriter. The President does not use the wonderful touch method, as does his stenographer, Mr. Swem, but he has a speed of about forty words per minute, using the first and second fingers of the left hand and the first and third fingers of the right hand, the second finger being useless because of an old injury.

Not every man is as considerate of the stenographer as is the President. He appreciates the difficulties of the latter and is most careful to provide every comfort and convenience for the man with pad and pencil. At Fall River, during the presidential campaign, Governor Wilson delivered a speech at the rate of about 180 words the minute. He immediately followed the stenographer into his compartment on the private car and offered to assist him, saying that he understood how fast and difficult it must have been.

To Mrs Wilson the President said not long ago that he "would not take ten years of his life for his knowledge of stenography." It is said by Remington Notes to have been to him "a tremendous conservator of time and energy."

THE F. F. V.'S OF THE FUTURE.

"And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together." That single sentence promises to become Jonathan Swift's chief title to the eternal remembrance of men, for in its most literal sense it has become the favorite quotation of those who are preaching through a whole nation the gospel of progressive farming. It embodies an unconscious prophecy, perhaps, but a true one none the less, of a new order of nobility and a new rank of honor and distinction in our democracy.

The First Farmers of Virginia are fast forming the first estate in the Old Dominion. Theirs shall be the glory who make the desert blossom as the rose, who make ten ears of corn and a thousand blades of grass grow where but one grew before. It is for them to create a new Virginia which shall retain what is good in the old. The farm has replaced the hustings as the arena for achievement; the corn club boy with his magical acre is of more real value to the Commonwealth than a battalion of politicians. It lies within the power of our farmers to transform the country districts of Virginia into an agricultural empire; they can raise enough foodstuff to support not only the 2,000,000 and more people here to-day, but they can produce enough for 12,000,000 if they will. They can, through common resolve and common endeavor, fashion Virginia into one of the richest and most progressive Commonwealths.

At Suffolk Friday and Saturday more than a thousand farmers, with their wives, sons and daughters, assembled, not to talk about Virginia's past, but about Virginia's present and future. They constituted the first Farmers' Congress of the Second Congressional District, which was called and held under the auspices of the merchants of Suffolk. They looked prosperous. They came in carriages and automobiles. They talked farming and listened to talks about better health conditions, good roads, schools, better and progressive farming; they sat patiently through hours listening to informing addresses upon the same topics. Their wives and daughters, as modishly clad as the women in any city, and their sons, in new suits, all wearing proudly the colors of their home schools, spent hours at the school fair and boasted of the exhibits of their respective schools; they viewed with intense rivalry the exhibits of other schools, and stood by it that the girls of their school raise better and can better tomatoes and put up better preserves and cook better cakes and do better sewing than any other girls. The boys talked about their own acres under demonstration work with unconcealed interest and pride; they know much more about how to plant corn and cotton and other things successfully than city boys do about the movies; they can tell you more about intensive cultivation than the city lad can about the latest style in men's furnishings. These farm lads want to stay on the farms, because they know that they can make five and ten times as much money there as their elder brothers in cities can as clerks and stenographers and bookkeepers and car men. They learn in their schools all about scientific farming; they put that knowledge into practice at home; they are practical pupils of practical schools.

The coming generation is growing to full stature. The youths who will be the farmers of to-morrow are filled with new ideas, stirred by the spirit of progress. They are the hope of agriculture in Virginia and they will not fail. They are taught to be proud of the great past of the Commonwealth, but they are urged at the same time to do their full share in creating her great future. Unlike their fathers, they are being trained by scientific process to be farmers. As they replace their elders in authority, they will order better roads, finer schoolhouses, a larger social life, more comfort and convenience for their wives and sisters and mothers, more recreation for themselves and for their families, better health conditions, more scientific and more efficient methods, more incentive for their sons and daughters to stay on the farms, better houses—in short, they will largely destroy the conditions which create hardship, discontent and isolation in farm life and gather a far greater dividend from the soil than their predecessors.

The acre of the boy is expanding into a farm. His father, critical and skeptical at first, is now boasting about what "we" did under direction of the demonstrator. The seed is sown. The tassel and the grain and the boll will come to be nobler crests than the fleur-de-lis. Yonder at work in the fields, or in study in the schools that overlook them, is another estate, greater than we all!

MINIATURE FANS.

Any cynic who thinks that fervid enthusiasm has died in the world just because he is no longer young might well spend an evening on the bleachers at Byrd Park, watching a baseball game between the grammar schools. If he feel not again the glamor of the younger years and the wild patriotism of youth that magnifies a game into a cause, he is indeed already dead, and it is unseemly that he be walking around in the guise of life. For the team and the fans are both genuine, with the safety valves tied down, and every ounce of energy pounding to one end—victory for Madison or Fairmount or Central.

The principal rule of such sports seems that at no moment of time shall there be anything short of pandemonium. The miniature fan has anything but a miniature voice. He roots with his lungs, his hands, his feet or by pulling a handy little girl's pigtail. He turns loose whistles of most devilish ingenuity and penetration. They sound like being stabbed with a knife. Why the pitcher does not cringe and shrivel before the blast can never be explained. The feminine portion of the audience—and be quite sure that there is a feminine portion, duly chaperoned and point-device in middy blouses and bulging hair ribbons—is only distinguished from the masculine by the fact that it is not quite so gyroscopic. It tries to sit still, and ends in perpetual wiggling. Its cries are inhuman, falsetto, heaven-seeking. It understands not when to yell, so yells incessantly.

Against this magnificent setting of noise pass many comedy features. The queer effect of a pitcher four and a half feet high, who winds up for five minutes as if the victim of green apples, and then launches a ball with the terrible velocity of a falling leaf in autumn, must be seen. It cannot be described. The ridiculous endeavors of a bullpup to play tag with the ball become side-splitting when the pup chases the umpire around second base, while the owner "sicks" him on. The spectacle of a mild principal trying to settle a dispute by reading a rule book in the centre of a maelstrom of burbling boys is essentially democratic. Even the batboy, who, to be in proper focus, is just half the length of the bat, is a miracle of good-natured pomposity.

Apparently the game never ends. Yet it does give a lot of healthy exercise to the human young, and if mothers sit up late mending rent trousers, doubtless they do it with the gentle smile that transfigures a woman into a madonna.

CONSTRUCTIVE MEDICINE.

The Medical College of Virginia, with Dr. Mitchell as president, is entering upon no light and easy task. If it conforms to the new ideal of medicine, it will be training young men to serve society by caring for the physical and nervous aspects of human life. It will come to regard its problem somewhat as does the Department of Agriculture its problem. The latter aims to produce better and larger crops. The former must aim to produce stronger and sounder men. Its function is the more important just in so far as men are more important than things. To raise the standard of physical efficiency, mental vigor and general health is a fundamental necessity for progress.

Unfortunately, there is still plenty of room for the profession of healing, in the sense of caring for those who are sick. Not every ill can be prevented, and the shattering of the human structure by accident and violence will demand the same skill and training in surgeons. Yet the fact remains that most of the costly diseases can be prevented and that modern medicine is the art of removing causes rather than remedying results. It seems asking much of doctors to undermine their own trade by making it unnecessary, but the devotion and idealism of the physician in the past make it certain that he will not be found wanting. Already it is the doctor who is taking the lead in cleaning up the cause of disease. He waits for no outside compulsion, but obeys the inner call.

For this reason we trust that the new school and the new president will set up the loftiest standard of social service as the true test of their success. They should discourage young men from entering this priest-like calling merely because it is one of the traditional and gentlemanly ways of making a living. Doctors surely must live, and of all men none are more worthy of their hire, but the modern science needs a finer inspiration than that of gaining a livelihood. It holds little for the drifting youth who "goes in for medicine" because he has to go in for something.

For this reason we trust the new school will emphasize the branches of hygiene, sanitation, health engineering and constructive health education. It should be a training school for the fight against disease, not a place where mere diagnosis and therapeutics are taught. It should lay particular stress on the problems of rural health. Those are the ones that tax Virginia heaviest, and they will be permanent as we are bound to be an agricultural people. It should face resolutely the fact that the negro is the source of much of our disease. It would be a source of pride to the South were more of the research and methods of battling against social disease produced in the South, and not given by other regions.

Last of all, this new school should be a source of light for the spreading of a nobler ethics of the body. Eugenics, marriage, child life, vice, alcoholism, sex morality, the nerve strains and mental troubles of a hurried age, all call for splendid and self-sacrificing workers. The burden is a heavy one. May the virile manhood of the South respond.

New York is an optimistic city. When Boston wallops the Giants about 8 to 0, the fans congratulate themselves that, anyhow, the baseball season has begun.

In Chicago the reason given for 4 per cent of the divorces is "married too young." Manifestly the other 96 per cent married too old. What's the answer?

One of these new life preservers that keeps the wearer warm ought to be fitted out with a pianola and a buffet and kept in every Ohio home.

That adage will have to be revamped into, "When Greek meets Bulgar," if the allies get to squabbling over the spoils.

Will it take a new City Engineer to help run this machine we are warned the Administrative Board might build in Richmond?

Maybe this Conference for Education in the South can attend to those vandals who insist on crushing the mint.

The green trees do not look very happy these dull cold days.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Germless Man.

Bill Tubbs came into this sad world
'way back in ancient days,
Before the folks had started in the
germ and microbe craze.
He used to drink from old tin cups
upon the railroad train,
And never had a thought of death or
e'en the slightest pain.
No ptomaine poisoning for him; he
ate just what he'd wish,
And never stopped to sterilize a knife
or cup or dish.
He didn't seem to realize the chances
that he took,
And what he didn't know of germs
would fill a large-sized book.

He slept with windows closed at night
whenever it was cold,
For of the perils of bad air he never
had been told.
Whene'er his jackknife made a slip
and carved right through the fat
He tied a rag around his thumb and
let it go at that.
Snake bites would never worry him.
He would chew up about
A pound of plug and slap it on and
draw the pizen out.
There were no disinfected towels or
sanitary cash
Or treatises on how to dodge the microbes in the hash.

Old Bill kept lingerin' along as happy
as a child.
He violated all the rules of health that
were compiled.
The new ideas concernin' germs kept
bobbin' up, but he
Paid not the least attention far as any
one could see.
The up-to-date folks warned him that
he must reform or die.
The microbes were just waiting for to
send him up on high;
But he remained the same old reckless, germ-defying Bill,
And strange to say, in spite of all,
he's hangin' 'round here still.

From the Hickeyville Clarion.

The members of Hank Tumms' lodge chipped in and bought him a handsome watch fob, and now he has got to go and buy a watch to hang it on. There are times when every feller prays to be saved from his fool friends.

Anse Frisby placed an order for a new oatmobile down in the city the other day, and the salesman said, "Your new car will have a splendid finish." Anse said, "I'm glad of it. The last one I had had a fierce finish. It tried to butt a street car off the track."

Elihu Simms says there ain't anything in this world like a good old corncob pipe, and I guess, by gravy, he's right. At least, there ain't anything in the world that smells like it.

A phonograph with rubber ear tubes had just been installed in a music house in Hickeyville, and the first customer to drop a nickel in the slot to enjoy the music was a farmer. The clerk handed him the ear tubes, placed them in the proper position in the old man's ears and started the machine. The old man instantly dropped the tubes and started for the door on the run, crying, "Thunder and lightning, hold on a minute, there's a brass band coming down the street and there ain't nobody a-holding my team."

According to Uncle Abner.

I have never seen a burglar smoke a corncob pipe, especially when he was on the job.

A rooster's tail ain't wuth two-bits on the rooster, but it makes a noise like $9 when it is on a hat in the milliner's window.

Elmer Jones says he met a swell chicken down to the city and she had so much confidence in him that she let him buy her a $4 dinner, but she had another engagement directly afterwards.

I always git suspicious of any feller who is too gol dummed polite.

It begins to look as though the combination union suit has come to stay.

I have seen a good many yaller dogs, but there ain't one of 'em that I don't respect more than the feller who makes remarks about wimmen.

There ain't any feller who kin criticize a show more severe than the one who gets in on a pass.

A hot-tempered woman never ought to wear celluloid combs in her hair.

Codfish is a mighty nourishing dish, but it occurs too frequently in some lives to be fully appreciated.

Voice of the People

Actors Plead for Bird Protection.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—As members of the Audubon Society, we are deeply interested in legislation relating to the protection of birds. If the bill has not already passed we hope sincerely that it will be passed, and it is incredible to think that it could meet with any other fate.

As Colonel Roosevelt has said, "it is a disgrace to America that we should permit the sale of aigrettes."

When some aigrette company tried to establish itself in New Jersey, President Wilson, who was then Governor of that State, killed the bill that would have allowed this indecent traffic, and expressed himself in these words: "I think New Jersey can get along without blood money."

The aigrette is torn from the live mother bird in the nesting season, and the little ones are left to starve.

One of the plume-hunters of a Southern country writes: "The natives of the country do virtually all of the hunting for feathers. I have seen them frequently pull the plumes from the wounded birds, leaving the crippled birds to die of starvation, unable to respond to the cries of their young in the nests above, which were calling for food. I have known these people to tie and prop up wounded egrets on the marsh where they would attract the attention of other birds flying by. These decoys are kept in this position until they die of their wounds or from the attacks of insects. I have seen the terrible red ants of that country actually eating out the eyes of these wounded, helpless birds tied up by the plume hunters within sound of the call of their young. I could write you many pages of the horrors practiced in gathering aigrette feathers in Venezuela by the natives for the millinery trade of Paris and New York."

Intelligent, kind-hearted women wear these aigrettes, birds of paradise and other hat ornaments because they are ignorant as to the manner in which these things are obtained. No self-respecting woman (and, above all, no mother) with anything resembling a heart will consent to wear aigrettes or certain furs, once she has learned of the unspeakable horrors that attend their procuring. Ostrich feathers are humanely obtained, and may be worn with a clear conscience.

There is need for immediate action on the part of those interested in striving to put an end to this nefarious aigrette traffic in the United States.

The United States Congress has convened in special session for the purpose of passing the revised tariff. The officers of the Audubon Societies have strong grounds for believing that it will be possible to have inserted in this a provision prohibiting the importation of aigrettes, provided a wide campaign of publicity can be immediately inaugurated.

American women can help this movement by notifying milliners that they will withdraw patronage from any millinery establishment that permits the sale of aigrettes or other plumes that are only obtained. Women entering a strange millinery establishment can be of the greatest service if, before making any purchases, they will inquire whether or not aigrettes are sold by the establishment.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE,
GEORGE ARLISS.
Richmond.

Pronouncing Huerta.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

"Do you call this Mexican man Where-to or Whoer-to?"—Times-Dispatch.

Sir,—You call it Oo-ere-ta, in the liquid language of Castile, the least complex language of Europe. The Spanish H is silent—the only letter in Spanish that is not pronounced—and the vowels are ah, ay, ee, o, oo, each invariably spoken. Words ending in a vowel are accented on next to the last syllable. There you have Huerta—false soldier and murdering Judas that he is. CALIFORNIAN.
Richmond.

For Eleanor—Born March 5, 1900.

From naught on earth to thirteen years
Each little girl has wasted many tears,
And now must rise above her infant fears
And face the coming years.

How sped the past, is linked in memory's chain,
So that each day in life may come again;
Some sad, some sweet, and some are full of pain,
As pearls that fall with drops of rain.

The flower springs forth in all its matchless grace,
And trembles with joy in its sun-kissed face;
On the wings of the wind it perfumes space,
And vies with the leaves to lead the race.

Must we whisper to the flower, you will die;
All crushed and sore in the weeds you will lie,
When the autumn winds come with a sigh,
And spoil its life with a lie?

Look forward, look upward, the rainbow to view,
From its aureole of promise it beckons to you;
Above the cross is a crown in the infinite blue;
That crown is Life—intended for you.

Take heed of the passing, and tenderly weave
From the vase of its flowers—lest you may grieve;
All the wealth of their blossoms you may not retrieve,
But the crown will be better for weaving the wreath.

X.
Bentonville.

Abe Martin

Ther must have been an awful congestion in our homes before th' nickle the-aters started. Th' feller that's thrg' with th' Republican party is gettin' t' be as big a bore as th' self-made man.

EGGS IS EGGS

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Views of the Virginia Editors

The Leaven Is Working.

Those of us who have been preaching against double taxation in Virginia have had our dark days. Few people seem to look at the subject seriously; some actually laughed at us. But the leaven is working. The Richmond Real Estate Exchange has gone a double-bow shot beyond us old-time reformers, and is now talking about "quadruple taxation." By way of illustration, it cites the following case from Henrico County:

"Mr. A sold for $48,000 a tract of land that had not been cultivated for forty years and that had grown up in broom straw.

"Up to the time of the sale the State had been receiving only its land tax from the property.

"When the transfer was made the party buying paid in cash $12,000 and gave a note for $36,000, payable in one year, with quarterly interest notes.

"Mr. B, who bought the property, paid the State taxes on the same for the current year, amounting to $276.

"The man who sold the land deposited $12,000 cash in bank at 3 per cent, and paid the State of Virginia a tax of $210 on the cash, and on the 3 per cent income from his cash he paid $6.30 taxes.

"Then upon his mortgage of $36,000 he paid the mortgage tax of $630.

"The State thus received an aggregate of $1,122.30 in one year on a piece of land that had previously only paid a small annual land tax.

"The man who sold the property had three taxes to pay, while the man who bought it paid one, thus making a quadruple tax, where only one existed before. If this is not detrimental and deterrent to the improvement of the State, what is?"

Here is another case from Henrico, which this writer can vouch for: Mr. B owned a vacant lot adjoining Mr. C's residence, which was assessed at $500. The tax rate in Henrico, State and county, was $1 on the $100, or 1 per cent, so that the tax on the lot was $5 per annum. In the course of time, Mr. B sold the lot to Mr. C for $900, taking his open, unsecured note in payment. It was a friendly transaction, and Mr. B took no deed of trust on the property. It was the simplest sort of a transaction. The property passed from Mr. B to Mr. C and the deed was made to Mr. C's wife. There was a change of ownership and nothing more. It was the same old lot, and it is the same old lot. But there was a radical change in the situation when the commissioner of the revenue got through with it next year. The lot was still assessed at $500, but the note which Mr. B received from Mr. C was assessed also, and that, too, at its face value. Hence, the State received taxes on the lot assessed at $500 and the note assessed at $900, and thus the State received taxes on a valuation of $1,400 instead of a valuation of $500.

But, some may ask, who was injured? The purchaser got possession of the lot, and enjoyed the use of it and the seller came in possession of a note which paid him 6 per cent interest. Quite so. But Mr. B took occasion to tell Mr. C that he would not have charged him but 5 per cent interest if the note had been exempt from taxation. That's the way it is with the mortgage tax. The borrower pays it. But whether he does or not, the State has no right to levy a double tax, for the Constitution says that taxation on all property of the same class shall be equal and uniform.

There is but one fair rule, and it is this: All actual property should be taxed once, and only once. Any taxation beyond that is double taxation and is unjust.—Newport News Press.

Cause of Their Indifference.

In an editorial on "Why Young Voters Are Indifferent," The Times-Dispatch says: "The big reason for neglect of civic duties by young men is, that they are interested in other things." But can it be proven their indifference arises because "they are interested in other things"?

The true underlying reason the majority of the young voters are indifferent to their civic duties is because of the contempt they have towards the way politics are conducted, not only in cities, but even smaller places. The blame by rights ought to be laid on the shoulders of the young voters' elders, who are indifferent to the rule of grafters, incompetents (thrust into public offices at the command of political bosses), and City Hall rings that control and defy the will of the people.

When the older voters, realizing the necessity for good government, show their utter indifference to the welfare of the community by failing to unite and overthrow corrupt rule, they are laying the foundation of the primal and principal reason that is the cause of disheartening many a young voter, and taking away his desire to perform his civic duties.

In the majority of cases, when the young voter is asked why he does not take an interest in civic affairs and fight against boss rule and ring control, he will answer: "What's the use? They are in office and it will take an earthquake to get them out." And the young voters get this idea from the lack of unity and inaction of their elders. Once in a while one young voter out of hundreds comes out and goes in for political activity and becomes a leader.

To make the young voter take an interest in his civic duties, an example of progression and an unflinching zeal for pure politics and good government must be set him by those who wish to crush corruption in municipal affairs. This desired result cannot be brought about by a few fighting against corrupt political practices, but by the voluntary uniting together of the respectable element to oust from office men who are a disgrace and detriment to the municipality.—Fredericksburg Journal.

Tucker in the Ranks.

The announcement given out in Washington Friday by Hon. Harry St. G. Tucker, that he would not be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, was learned with surprise and regret in Lexington. His near approach to attaining the nomination four years ago, the large number of friends he has attached to him throughout the Commonwealth and the popular good will and public confidence he enjoys, gave assurance of his making a highly creditable, if not altogether successful contest next summer against Mr. Stuart. For reasons satisfactory to himself, a controlling one of which is probably his accord on progressive policies with Stuart, who promised to be his only opponent, he has declined to enter the field as a candidate. His recognition of the dignity and importance of the position of a private citizen, who, without asking for office, fights for good government, can well be appreciated, and is worthy of the example of others, too many of whom commit to the officeholding and office-seeking class altogether the determination of public questions in the Commonwealth and county. The officeholding class, particularly in Virginia, the County News is becoming more and more convinced, assumes too much to be the rulers and too little the servants of the people. Mr. Tucker is welcomed into the ranks of those who, as private citizens, having only an ambition for good government, are determined to exercise their authority by speech utterance and votes as the real rulers of the Commonwealth.—Rockbridge County News.

No Place for Slander.

A Richmond jury has assessed damages at 1 cent in a suit for slander. There are some so uncharitable as to say this was high for Richmond.—Blackstone Courier.